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"Hist! look here." The speaker was one of two young men, who had come up to the moun-tains, on a pedestrian and sketching expedition from Philadelphia, As he spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm.

The person he addressed, looked and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing along on old blackberry path. She was brown as a berry, from exposure to the sun, and her feet and arms were bare; but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have en-

Just in front of her, a spider had spun his trap across the path, and, as the young man spoke, she slightly stooped her head, and raising her hands, pushed the cobwebs aside. It was this artless, natural movement,

which completed the picture. "I should like to paint her," said he who had spoken.

"What! love at first sight?" answered his companion, laughing. "To think of the fastidious Clarence losing his heart to a sunburnt fairy. You are eighteen, and she about ten-oh! you can afford to wait."

on in whispers. The child, still advancing, had, by this time, come opposite to the two young men. On seeing them, she stopped, and stared curiously at them, as a young deer, that has never been hunted, may be supposed Coffee, Sugar, Crockery, Hardware, to stop and regard the first stranger Carpets, Boots and Shoes, Hats and that enters the forest. Her bright speaking face, as she thus stood, gracefully arrested, was not less beautifulin its way, than her lithe figure.

"My dear," said the last speaker would you like to be made into a pic-Farnham St .- Corner of 13th Street, ture? My friend here is a painter, and will give you a doller, if you will let him sketch you."

The child looked from the speaker to his friend. Something, in the latter's face, seemed to restore the natural confidence, which the free-and easy air of the other had for the moment, shaken. She drew coyly up to him as if for protection.

graing up into his face, "but I never saw one. Is it a real picture of me you will make?"

The artless, appealing manner of the child went to the young man's heart. He would as soon have joined in bantering her as in bantering a sister. He took her hand, as he replied, "I will make as good a picture of you as I can if you will let me. A picture like one of these."

And he opened his portfolio, which contained various sketches,

ly, at sketch after sketch, till the last girl to a first class boarding school. had been examined, and then heaved a deep sigh.

"Please sir," she said, timidly, at

man, "b t we will give you a dollar." She turned on the speaker, let go the That uncle had been growing rich, like hand she had been holding, and drew most prudent farmers, partly from the critical, laughs at his friend's enthuherself up with sudden haughtiness. with proud delicacy.

She was turning to escape, when the

Come will that do?"

Reassured, the child took the posi-Harvard, for that was the young art- queen of the evening, she found herist's name, began rapidly painting.

Before moon, two hasty sketches, in should ever see that face again. oil, were finished. "There." he said, drawing a long

"That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the child, gazing repturousy on her new possession, with an en- be the inducement."

thusiasm, partly born of the artist-soul property. "Oht yes," interposed the other

youth, "you'll promise to be his wife The child's eyes flashed as she tur- which had agitated the country for so his present indifference. For he had the creet-fallen look of her old enemy. ned on the speaker, Her instinct. from the first, had made her dislike

pretty foot, and retorted, saucily, old snapping turile "and, as if expec-ting to have her ears boxed, if oaught, gument had corried to just you are be outlied the new ting to have her ears boxed, if oaught, gument had corried to just you in, the evening, she consented, of Mis-

anger, his companion joined him. "You deserved it richly," said Cla rence. "It's a capital nickname too.

smart. But what a shrew she'll make! had no peer in the room; and he devo-I with the clod-hopper she marries; ted himself to her, almost exclusively, "And may t, too, ask firmy favorand send him to an early grave." Nor had Nelly ever shone

moment, a dinner horn sounded, and a great compliment, to be thus singled the young men rose to return to the out from among so many. But she road side inn, where they had stopped had another motive for exerting her- hardly dare hope you'll consent." the night before. Their time was lim-i'ed, and that evening, knapsack on she recognized, in Mr. Mowbray, the back; they were miles away from the companion of the artist who had sketchscene of the morning. A week later ed her eight years back. In hopes sang the words, as even she had never they were both home in the city. Cla- to hear something of his friend, she er sung them before; and, when the rence hard at work perfecting himself turned the conversation upon art, the finished, her eyes were full of tears. in art, and his companion delving at city, childhood, and everything else Coke and Blackstone.

he turned over his older sketches, he sides her natural delicacy shrank from This conversation had been carried would come upon "Cobwebs," as he inquiring about a perfect stranger.

The child, still adwas accustomed, laughingly, to call The next day, as soon as ctiquette become of the original; but, except on beautifully attired in a neat morning to speak, and was profuse in thanks. these rare occusions, he never even thought of her.

Not so with the child herself. Nellie Bray was a poor orphan, the daughter of a poor gentleman, who, after her father's death, had been adopted by a than her loveliest roses. maternal uncle, living on a wild, up-land farm among the Alleghanies.

Her childhood, from her earliest re-

of generations of antecedent culture. artist. She carried her sketch home, and would never part with it. His refined, intellectual face haunted all her day dreams. From that hour a new element entered into her life; she became conscious that there were other people, beside the dull, plodding ones with whom her lot had been cast; she aspired to rise to the level of such; all her leisure hours were spent in studying: gradually, through her influence, her uncle's household grew more or less refined; and finally, her uncle him-"Oh! how beautifull" cried the child, self became ambitious for Nelly, and It was evident that a new world was as he had no children, consented, at opened to her. She gazed breathless. his wife's entreaty, to send the young

At eighteen the bare footed rustic, whom the young artist had sketched, "No." interposed the other young was the telle of the county town, near which her uncle's possessions lay .-

But in spite of her many suitors, Nelly had never yet seen a face, that appeared to her half so handsome as the man'y one of the young artist, whose kind, gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory ever since. Often after a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found her.

When she entered the drawing room talk so."

He looked his betouchment. "Many years ago I manwered out the same question which you now had to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps too, there was a half-formed resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps too, there was a half-formed resolved to be included in her solve to bring the offender at her feet, in revenge.

A great surprise awaited her.

When she entered the drawing room But in spite of her many suitors, artist recovering her hand, said, sooth | Nelly had never yet seen a face, that "Never mind him, my dear. I will the man'y one of the young artist, paint two pictures, and give you one. whose kind, gentle words and manner, hans too, there was a half-formed retion indicated to her, and Clarence brilliant company, where she had been self wondering, in her chamber, if she

he handed her the sketch, "and may. the eloquent young lawyer from Phil- correct, for Miss Stanley, immediately

"I expect to go," was the answer, his face reassured Nelly of his identi"But Mr. Mowbray being there won't ty, and that he had not recognized her;

within her, and partly the result of a afford to be indifferent. But all the felicitations of Mr. Mowbray, child's pride in what is its own especial other girls are dying at the very. There were conflicting feel thouga .

as Mr. Monbray's, it was proferally more whom was Mr. Monbry.

she darted away, disappearing, rapid- so that they had given a verdiet with- Stanley's request, to play and sing. ly, down the path whence she came. out leaving the box. The young law- She first dashed off some brilliant ly, down the path whence she came.

Clarence Har and broke into a merry laugh, in which after a moment of from the battle-field. A hundred fair peras; and, at last, at Mr. Mowbray a

I shall call you nothing else, after liant assembly-and it was Nelly. Her fond of music, drew near fascinatedthis than snapping turtle.' graceful form, her intelligent face, her After singing, "And are ye sure the style and beau y, arrested him, the news is true?" Bonnic Dundee," and moment he entered; he saw that she others which had been asked for, Cla-

Nor had Nelly ever shone so brilliant-Nothing more was sail, for at that ly. She could not but feel that it was

hat she thought might be suggestive;

The next day, as soon as ctiquette dress, and looking so fresh and spork-ling, in spite of the late hours of the

Mr Mowbray was full of regrets at led her a "common rustic," the cruel fate, which he said, compel-

sent, the most cultivated in the city. Nelly bowed coldly. Her old dis-

instinctively when a child. During the understood him. interview, she was civil, but no more.

way, more in love than ever. A few months later found Nelly domiciled, for the winter, in Philadelphia. Hardly had she changed her travelling dress, when her friend came into her chamber.

"I want you to look your prettiest, to-night," said Miss Stanley. "for I had dawned into a beautiful and ac- expect a crowd of beaux, and, among last, will you give me my picture complished woman, who after having them, Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent when you have painted it?" ormer claims to have met you, and raves everywhere of your beauty. The latter, who is the great artist, and very rise in value of lands, and partly from siasm, and says he'd bet you're only "I don't want your dollar," she said the judicious intestment of his sa- a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies. So I wish you to convert the heretic."

When she entered the drawing room that evening, the first stronger she saw was the identical Clarence, who be, some of these days, you'll think of here, is to be present."

her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into your service sir."

The discommentation and then she turned away, after a courtesied to him. His mortification "On! you are so besutiful, you can haughty courtesy, to receive the eager

Mr. Mowbray was there, too, with watred upon by her indignation as a suspected his rejection. this sneering man. She stamped her favor of his client. No such speech growd of other beaux, prominent a-

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eyes followed his form, a hundred fair solicitation, sang several ballads. Bew bosoms beat quicker as he approached. persons had such a sympathetic voice. But be saw only one, in all that bril- and Clarence, who was passionately

"Certainly," she answered, with the least bit of hautour. "What is it?", "Oh! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company: 'The Land of the Leal.' I

It was her favorite also, and her voice slightly trembled as she began. From this, or some other couse, she

She would have given much to have seen Ciarence's face, but she could not Years passed. Cherence Harvard but in vain. She could not be more trust herself to look up; and parly to had risen to be an artist of eminence. definite, because she wished to conceal conceal her emotion, partly by a sud-His pictures were the fashim: he was her own identity, for it was evident den impulse, she struck into the misethe fashion himself. Occasionally, as M. Mowbray did not know her; be. rere of "Il Trovatore." Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of that saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the selfish heart of Mr. the sketch of the child; and then for a allowed, Mr. Mowbray was seen dri- Mowbray was affected. When the last moment, he would wonder what had ving up to the farm. Nelly appeared, chord had died away, he was the first

But Clarence said nothing. Nelly, at last looking toward him, saw that night before, that it could hardly be his eyes had been dim as well as her considered flattery, when her visitor own. She felt that his silence was the assured her that she looked lovelier most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgive him having e !-

Clarence soon became a constant viled him to return to the city. . He sit r at Mr. Stanley's. But he always. collection, had been spent amid the drudgery of a farm. This rude, but free life had given her the springy step cret annoyance, let out the fact, that, nopolize Nelly's attention. Reserved. and ruddy cheek, which had attracted the young artist's attention, but it had failed to satisfy the higher aspirations of her nature, aspirations which had been born in her blood, and which came his face flushed with pleasure. "I am ety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which is face flushed with pleasure. "I am ety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which is face flushed with pleasure. "I am ety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which is face flushed with pleasure. "I am ety in Mr. Mowbray's company, which is face flushed with pleasure." so delighted. I have the honor to she was far from feeling. Occasionally The first occasion on which these know Miss Stanley. You will be quite however, Clarence would assert his higher impulses had found congenial at home in her set," he added, bowing equal right to share the society of Miss. "I have read of pictures," said she. food was when she had met the young to Nelly, "for it is, by common con- Stanley's guest, and at such times, his eloquent talk soon eclipsed that of even the brilliant advocate. As Nelly said, rust in the speaker had revived again in her secret heart, it was Ruskin a-Through all the polish of his min- gainst Voltaire. And the more Claner, she recognized the same sneering rence engaged in these conversations. spirit, which believed in nothing true the more he felt, that, for the first or good, from which she had shrunk time in his life, he had met one who

> One morning, the footmen came up She could not, h wever, avoid being to the little panelled bourloir, where beautiful; and so Mr Mowbray went Nelly and her friend were sitting, saye ing that Mr. Mowbray was in the parlor, and solicited a private interview with the former. Nelly rose at once, for she foreboded what was coming. and was only too glad to have this enr-ly opportunity of stopping attentions which had become unendurable to her.

> > barrassed, an unusual thing for him. But he rallied; and came directly to the purpose of his visit, which was, as Nelly had suspected, to tender her his heart and hand. He was proceeding, in a strain of high-flown compliment. when Nelly said, with an impatient, "Spare me, sir. You did not always

Mr. Mowbray was evidently em-

talk so."

"I never saw you till this aummer!" "You saw me, eight years ago. You. "Are you going to the ball, next had painted her as a bare footed little and a friend were on a pedestrian week?" said one of Nellie's friends to girl; and then, for the first time, it tour. You met a little, bare-footed breath, "you have been as quiet us a her. They say it is to be the most flashed upon her that this was the great girl, whom your friend made a sketch little mouse; and I'm a thousand times splendid affair we have ever had. My of artist who had spoken so contemption; of and whom you jeered at and then obliged to you. Take that home, and brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, ly of her chaims. Her notion proved nicknamed. And rising, she made a mock couriesy, for she saw she was now recognized. "I am Cobwebs, as

> The discomfitted enitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nelly was not lessened, when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the ther girls are dying at the very There were conflicting teelings at door-steps. He tried, in vain, to ashough ... war in her bosom that evening. All sume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed and that his rivides to Mowhay was there to be rold romance about Glarence was

many months, had been concluded made no attempt to improve his introthat very day, and been decided in duction, but left her entirely to the ever, when C arence catered. Instead of the triemphant, saucy tormentor, she became the conscious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had length for, yet dreaded, this interview, took

Continuet on fourth page.